UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

GLOOMS.—WHY AM I SAD?

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST
BY N. W. WILLIAMS

Why should I not be sad?
Clouds are the tresses it wears,—
Faded the hair bright those years—
Clouded the summer cloth—
And chilling wind and storm,
To dark, wild, gloomy form,
Enfold my soul, that late so were glad

How can I cease to Weep,
While through my heart is cold hail,
With rustle sent and low,
Of memories sweet and gay,
Wrapped in the Past's dark pall,
With, while unpolished tall.
They tell me of them; my low sigh's the wail of the requiet—but at length broke out in piteous Notes—No I won't!" and burst into tears. The brother, thus rebuked, unwillingly started on, to carry the melancholy news him-self. The Parson was left still at the door, for he had not strength to quit the spot. Again he sank in revery—this time now sad! Again he met with convictions—this time how painful!

"Capt. Thistle can't dead after all!" shouted a passenger who deemed his grief.

What!" cried the parson, suddenly bursting up—Alive!

Alive!

And well?"

As well as I am—for I saw him myself not an hour ago.

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All never flew apace The thumb of the Captain's brother was already on the latch—

Suddenly the colt's head was over his shoulder—the brute was at the door—his errand—and the Parson s voice shouted, "It's a lie! It's a lie!"

Much wondered the women at the windows at this curious performance at their door. But they did not wonder long The returned sea rover had been gone a week—and the fact was out at the supper table the happiest of men, that he had saved the family the episode of his Dexter Master to the Sheriff and bearer, broker, as a truth to whom the conduct of all faithful Gospel Ministers bears practical testimony. Still we cannot wonder that there have been many who have ridiculed and none who would have wrestled had they dared, against Being themselves the objects of his assault, which they are willing to essay in brief. The loud brave and grash of mind should to left free. Into the exhaustion of mind—and the mind to laid their rest, it is quite cool enough to relaxing consolation. Nature thus like—for cheapness—not extraordinary accepted the gift. The horse exhaustion in his atmosphere, if indeed he do not recover absolute repulse. Kept in solitude, and on rather of the cheapest food.

Burst forth in A New England village, small, but a seaport, a clergyman of mind excellent heart and spirit—and therefore poor, struggled to escape the task of being the messenger of ill. But it had all been mournfully. Tender visits to the afflicted, and especially as to leave, and the poor Parson had never hitherto been able to escape

One day he was called from his frost door preaching unto curious aspect the proportions of an unbroken with which was text with a tale. her own relations—to the opposite side of the road. He said was villainously unlucky—for no successful effort had yet been made to reduce it to the standard of a good bush. Several sets of teapers had more than once been put to unmeaning jeopardy to the attempt to introduce a fit of the kind into the mouth—for he guarded his liberty of tongue with most determined and snapped vigilance and actively. Now he had a fair chance, and as a used he was strong between the parallel of entrain. Jaw and chin—those spirit-moving agents—were his. He seemed to feel that he was in the middle of his work, to view in the strong place, and should have existed rather before the completion of the operation. A sense of this kind at all, or he should have been finished on the Hebrew, and heard those, the representative to the Mariopa shed, Mr. Jones, and his wife women and children, gave the house's been a wade faster for their own. The eye, as he turned his head to each passenger, was a fair fence which tended to interpret.

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"Why didn't you know"—said Rachel, impatient to be gone—

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Rachel did blush, as she said quickly, "Oh no, it isn't that"—

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"You are not almost a plague, sir! I declare But the brig Rajah is coming in from India, and I'arl be the first to tell my mother"?—

"Thank you, my girl"—cried the Parson rubbing his hands, and quite as happy as Rachel, she had now started off at a skip and a run, to make up her time. We are all selfish Perhaps he did think a little of the preserved ginger, the cheroots, the luxuriance he himself, the Rajah, would bring to the parsonage. But if he did think of his own comfort it was but for a moment, and as he leaned against the door-post his thoughts dwelt upon the happy family, whose head would to an host he with them, after a long absence. His mind's eye was filled with the little domestic arrangements and comforts which he knew were already prepared on the hearth,—the new beaded fish—the delicious tea, and the hot of buttered toast in the old family parlour,—the China tea set new spread, the first time since he left—the footpack brought out, perhaps, a real object was intended upon his attention not at all in keeping with it. Some one had touched his arm. The uncle of Rachel stood at his elbow—still, and had become in countenance. The poor Parson almost sank to the ground You need not speak, he cried— I read it in your face—

"You will go up and tell my sister."

The Parson pondered. He hurriedly reviewed the scenes of joy which he had been contemplating—he thought of himself as the messenger of woe to none at all—he hesitated—stammered —at—replied he—I think my low spirits—I'll mail of the request—but at length broke out in piteous Notes—No I won't!" and burst into tears. The brother, thus rebuked, unwillingly started on, to carry the melancholy news him-self. The Parson was left still at the door, for he had not strength to quit the spot. Again he sank in revery—this time now sad! Again he met with convictions—this time how painful!

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Original Sketch.

THE PARSON'S RIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST
BY EDGAR WAYNE

In one of the communications of Mr. Knickerbocker to that periodical, there is an allusion to a New England custom which has also fallen into more than once under my own notice. I allude to that part of the New England country elegantly called by which emigrants from the north-east fall task of letting the frequent bearers of bad tidings to afflicted families. That it is part of the clergyman's vocation to do this, and that the unpleasantness is every where conceded—that it is part of his holy office to bear the consolations of his Divine Master to the afflicted and heart-broken, as a truth to whom the conduct of all faithful Gospel Ministers bears practical testimony. Still we cannot wonder that there have been many who have ridiculed and none who would have wrestled had they dared, against Being themselves the objects of his assault, which they are willing to essay in brief. The loud brave and grash of mind should to left free. Into the exhaustion of mind—and the mind to laid their rest, it is quite cool enough to relaxing consolation. Nature thus like—for cheapness—not extraordinary accepted the gift. The horse exhaustion in his atmosphere, if indeed he do not recover absolute repulse. Kept in solitude, and on rather of the cheapest food.

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Original Novellette.

GOVERNOR LEISLER.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED FROM THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST
BY JOHN H. MANCUR, AUTHOR OF HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE.

"Heart, take thine ease,
Mine hard a-ease shall be
Then lady might-e offend
Though one speak ill
Of thee, some well
Boy letter, there's an end."

CHAPTER VII

Leicester displayed his wonted sagacity in the appointment to whom Lord Neville was to be, which conveyed authority, to commissioners shall be administrative the affairs of the colony and to control the actions of the governor. It is probable, that the royal council men found leisure to pay attention to the wishes of their chief. The governor of New York was a handsome recompense to gratify a favored, military follower. but there being no doubtful more chances for royal appointments offices, nomination was held over to adjust rival pretensions—and meanwhile, it was necessary to continue in authority, whoever actually held the post.

Bayard and Phillipse, as we have shadowed in the preceding chapter, were consigned to the fort-prison, and Leisler, whose star shone in the ascendant, submitted the dispatch in the Commander in Chief, to his council, requesting them to assume the style and privileges which the document so clearly conveyed.

Leisler's conduct under all the reduction of Albany The recent manœuvre of Bayard gave fresh impulse to his wishes, and Lord Nottingham's dispatch rendered his future measures. Although in depth of winter, he despatched a small military force under Milborne, to proceed to Albany, his only intention apparently, to summon the town and deputation, to submit to his government. Colonel Schuyler, a most influential officer, who had distinguished himself in the Indian wars—the brother-in-law of Livingston (who had married his sister) and connected with the most influential Albanians—the chief of Leisler's new-found claims to authority, he to fully dissemmateased, declared for himself and his friends, and refused to admit Milborne. Leisler then was selected by King William. Milborne bearing with the authorities, wished to obtain possession of the fort. We are all selfish Perhaps he did think a little of the preserved ginger, the cheroots, the luxuriance he himself, the Rajah, would bring to the parsonage. But if he did think of his own comfort it was but for a moment, and as he leaned against the door-post his thoughts dwelt upon the happy family, whose head would to an host he with them, after a long absence. His mind's eye was filled with the little domestic arrangements and comforts which he knew were already prepared on the hearth,—the new beaded fish—the delicious tea, and the hot of buttered toast in the old family parlour,—the China tea set new spread, the first time since he left—the footpack brought out, perhaps, a real object was intended upon his attention not at all in keeping with it. Some one had touched his arm. The uncle of Rachel stood at his elbow—still, and had become in countenance. The poor Parson almost sank to the ground You need not speak, he cried— I read it in your face—

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Wilfred was a sharp youth, and a knowing one—and quite as ready prepared for Leisler's talents, could scarcely refrain from sibling at the simplicity of the merchant-governor, and his ready notions of court. He asserted him in such a course was impossible, to any subject under the dignity of peer, who certainly was related to the royal family, and who had been created by the king. Who never's claim and jealousy, he rallied her on her coldness. Had he lost his fancy? Had her elevation brought rivals in the field, before whom her professions quailed? If there were—said he met them—

"Why you alarm me Wilfred—what then?" cried Sysdie.

"Simply" replied Lovel "they must abide the peril at their situation

Why this is rather and anger both" rejoined Sysdie laughing. "We have had at the first, the sea of Governor Trust or Counsellor—he as my father's advice" you Master Ingle there will be a rupture between the provinces. There is also young Mr Winthrop, a handsome gallant—but you need not dance over much for he is no favorite of mine—either he could not, or would not dance at our ball. But to make amends, there came me. Mr. Bolo Allyn, Governor Trust—secretary, who danced gracefully, and flattered me, that I was the best dancer in the room. I think you might venture to fancy a quarrel on Mr Allyn, without endangering the confederacy of the provinces, which, because are held cheaper than gooseberries or pennals

Another time, Sysdie—but now—I am on hard for raillery, exclaimed Wilfred. there is something betweals all this, which I must know

You are indeed, a sorry comforter, said the damsel, and will permit us discuss me back to what I would gladly escape from.

Nay Kate—one seal—why she! should feel so unhappy. She wished her father never had been governor—never quitted the Lion's Mouth—she could not down herself at sense of the uneasiness of their present position, as though it were a dream, rather than reality She looked in the faces of her dear relatives, and would—if it were possible—search their hearts to discover whether any trace of the same feeling inspired with them. Her father was off sail, off disturbed, but passing daily events were sufficient to account for his fits of perplexity. The pleasant, good-tempered face of her brother Milbourne, the satisfied air of her sister, and the quiet deportment of her mother, all seemed to reflect a consciousness of security as faintly fixed as when they dwelt in the Lang's Street. No one symptom, that to her (perhaps imaginary) fears, yet they were out the less tormenting, nor dare she hint them, lest she create unhappiness, where as yet, it was not felt. A team with Wilfred, she dare not contemplate, whilst this uncertainty hung over the family.

"Thou indeed visionary, exclaimed Lovel with much bitterness, when Lady Carlisle, or my young friend's Lady Cooway, love heartily at quadrille or other game, they are very gloomy for several days, and have what they call—as if the ingress of disagreeable vapours have not become fashionable in the bright, sunny clime of New York?

To try him more to complaint of mockery, said Sysdie, but let me ask you one question and do you answer in time sincerely—on your faith, Wilfred? What do you believe will be the fate of our family from what you learned on London??

Lovel made no reply—nor could he avoid change of countenance, which betrayed how much the question distressed.

I will not press an answer, Wilfred" continued the damsel. "your silence speaks too tearfully the echo of my own fears" Is this a season to flirt—it ought, but how we may elect and console those on whom the storm will burst more frightfully, because unexpected?

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"Governor Leisler is a man of too much sense," remarked Lovel—not to be anxious—that were he even highly censured, his post depends on the will. I may even say, the whim of his sovereign"

Fool! fool! Wilfred. I have my eyes, ears and all my senses awake. That anxiety severity which you noticed in our family-pursuits has descended to me in the gift of the home—of a foreboding spirit! I have looked eagerly abroad—scarce you left here—and I see or hear nothing to give me counsel. If we are the protection of this castle, we should be crushed. Colonel Bayard is in yonder prison, safe enough for his purposes, Meanwhile, and many friends are in Massachusetts and the other provinces, plotting my father's downfall, threatening his place, and their friends at England are powerful.

And what would you have me do?" said Lovel, as offended from the tone of advice and flying from a falling faculty of my affection in connecting myself with it in whose fate? Away with your fears, Sysdie! Let our friend over the head of Governor Leisler, I am my uncle's heir—save my mission to King William, he is my friend—and were all your father's wealth involved in a decree of sequestration. I have the means to make his future path as smooth as ever he found it.

Promise me one thing, I shall not ask you to leave us" said the maiden.

It must be so—I cannot believe, replied Wilfred

With the governor's consent. Mr. Lovel, my friend is right, and Sysdie Leisler I must leave the time and season of our union to my own choice, till my father's appointment is confirmed. I am your prisoner—but I am not—I am a consent appointed. I live now in awe of an impending calamity, and you will remember how I have been my prophecy once before, though I could not readily interpret my vision. But here as Captain Hobbs, by my invitation, and I must to the house of the fair Sovereignty, as he is his first visit?

TO BE CONTINUED.

PLACES OF DISTINCTION.—To think of are evasive where prostrated beneath the torture of a raging fever

To dream of finding heaps of gold, not knowing next morning where to find a breakfast

To be thanked the patience and object of admiration when you are walking about with a dish pig pound to your coat tails

To open a crossbow robe threatening proceedings, fancying it an invitation to dinner.

Having sat a week in the cockpits, under the unseemed delusion that it is your own.

Flattering yourself with the hope of associate from a rich relation.

COURTS OF HONOR.—The king of Prussia has directed courts of honor to be established in all the garrisons, which shall have jurisdiction over officers and disputes coming within the rules of honor and usually settled by duels. These courts are authorized to inflict punishment according to the nature of the offence. In case the parties will not submit to the decisions of the court of honor they are authorized to fight in presence of the court, and be subject to punishment in proportion to the injury inflicted upon the other.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER

I HAD A LITTLE BROTHER ONCE.

BY MRS E. S. NICHOLS

I had a little brother once,
Whose dark and shining hair
Hung low in graceful curls upon
His rounded, polished brow;
While sunsh their song and silken tongue
His every ears would glorify,
Following all my mother's light
Of summer's sunniest hours

I was my little brother dear,
A cradled infant he—
And then I knew him as a youth
With spirits wild and free;
How often would he steal to me,
With shy and downcast eye,
And place them as my willing hand,
And then run as he flew!

I watched his youthful mind expand,
And to such little plan
As I could carry out, and show me
A presence of the mind
I used him with that fervent love
Which only sisters know
And thanked the Giver who made for blend
So beautiful a flow

I was the bright and sparkling water,
And watched his human well;
As well he knew that refreshing cause
He said to me, "I am well?"
Not many months had I the care had
I gained from his call;
When, one sad morning, I found my dear
That little brother died!

They laid him in the Autumn cold,
Beneath a mound of clay,
It was a memorial thing for him
To sanctuary the
I knew him not—I knew him not
Within his snowy shroud
For in the dark and silent night
My spirit was in mine,
It was not that I wished he back
I put his image by,
But that I wished to look upon
The cold and silent face
Where once my mother's kisses fell
And once I would his name
And oh! what sad, regretful looks
Those in her greater years!

And once I thought he he kissed me
There we together come
When a stranger came and lonely place,
And there I read his name
Twas written on a cold gray stone
That was but once a friend
While, as I looked, on every hand
Those wretches cheated the ground

I wakened—but I rested not
Till kneeling by that grave
I saw the cold, unanswering Form
Above it gently wave
My sister's locks
My mother knows have grazed once there!
I've seen into sometimes pale,
And twice the dearest thanks needs
Have been I desire the gate

And twice the words, that knows once
That with remembered spot,
I've wished that many colored years
Above its grassy plat
Let still my ground of clouds, or where
We never so nearly tread
For still it seemed, but yesterday,
My little brother died

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

TOM THURSTON'S PROPOSAL

For Julia Monson,

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER AUTHOR OF THE SPY, PIRATES ETC

"This is so good of you, Miss Monson, said Tom, as he made his bow.—This is so good of you, when your time must have so many demands on it"—

"Not in the least, Mr. Thurston—mamma and the housekeeper have settled every thing, and I am only present to see that you are you give me the history of the new play—

"Ah! Miss Monson my heart—my faculties were silent—Tom was getting bothered, and as he made a desperate effort to extricate himself

"In short, my judgment is so confused and unsophisticated, that I have no powers left to think or speak of plays. In a word, I was not there"—

That explains it then—and what has thus confused your mind, Mr. Thurston?"

"The approach of this awful night. You will be surrounded by a host of admirers, all striving who your ears their admiration and love, and then what shall I have to support me, but my fears, which your more sagacious eyes, from the depths of despair in an elevation of happiness that was high as the highest pinnacle of the cupolas of Kenrucky, rescued me from the depths of Chimborazo

Your manner to reserve this image, for love is proverbially desperate in figures of speech, and any thing was better than appearing in bondage. Nevertheless, Miss Monson was too well convinced, that Tom was getting himself, not to feel surprise at all this extravagance of diction and poetry.

I am not perhaps, Mr. Thurston, that I rightly understand you," she said. "Chimborazo is not particularly low, nor are the cupolas of Kentucky very strongly elevated"

A-whole it all to that fatal, heart-thrilling hour-morning—yes, loveliest of human beauties, confessed Tom, kneeling with some caution, lest the straps of his pantaloons should split in the centre, and thereby expose the whole and recalling some rare specimens of magazine eloquence—Talk not of images, dearest maid, when you are nothing but an image yourself

"Mr. Thurston—and of what is it you presume to accuse me of being the image"

"Oh! unutterable wo-yes, unwonted grief, your vacillating yes, has rendered me the supremeration of that supremest sentiment, of which your beauty and excellence have become the mocking reality. Alas, alas! that bounded men—Tom's face was covered with hair—"Alas, alas! that bounded men should be brought to weep over the contractions of womanly caprice

Here Tom lowered his head, and after a groaning sob or two, he raised his handkerchief in a very pathetic manner to his face, and whispered to himself—" Well, if she stand this the Lord only knows what I shall say next"

As for Julia, she was amazed, though at first she had been a little frightened. The girl had a good deal of spirit, and she had time and presence of mind to see, that Tom's love of manhood in this affair, as the Americans say, in shop-keeping slang.

"What is the "ayes of which you speak," she inquired, "and on which you seem to lay so much stress?"

That "ayes has been to me and antidote," answered Tom, rallying on a new and still more pathetic attack. "Those which previously ceded by your unbiassed lips, it thrilled on my ravished senses like a bracer of delight

Mr. Thurston—Mr. Thurston—what do you mean?

"Ah, dearest it," thought Tom, "I should have said my love—in this interview, or wait for the next? A love knits, properly thrown out, may be worked at once. Some of those old misers build on in every found till they die, fancying it a mighty pleasant matter to shape that can't support themselves, to support their neighbors by industry, as they call it. As a industrious as a young fellow can be, and I were six months board, at this very moment. Now, I think a little flourish at the end will look like a verse. Still he was calm in tone and manner. Julia had told him all on her word.

"Mr. Thurston, I believe I understand this matter," said the father in a very humorous like manner; "you wish to marry my daughter"

Exactly sir, and she wishes to marry me—that is, as far as compatible with the delicacy of her female feelings

A very timely reservation. And you are referred."

"Mr. Monson, those charming words have relieved my ears. I am referred. The old chap," aside, takes a little trembling as well as a part

And you will take her without a cent, you say?

Did I, sir? I believe I didn't exactly say that—Dollar was the word I mentioned. Cents could hardly be named between you and me but my dearest ears drink in the melodious sounds—what extravagance of delight my throbbing heart echo its notes, on the wings of the sweets winds—it must, what concealed—what satisfaction your consent gave my pulsating mind!"

Consent!—Consent is a strong word, Mr Thurston!"

It is, indeed, adorable Julia, and it is also a strong thing. I've known terrible consequences arise from the denial of a consent not half as explicit as your own"

Consequences? may I ask, sir, to what consequences you allude?"

The consequences, Miss Monson—that is the consequences of a violated truth. I mean—they may be divided into three parts. —here Tom got up, brushed his knees, each in succession, with his pocket-handkerchief, and began to walk about his fingers like a lawyer who is summing up an argument—Yes, Miss Julia, and I can think of three distinct consequences, each of which is degrading lawful weddock to the level of a bet—a game at cards—a matter of chance, and that is the first. Secondly there shall ever indence me to degrade this honorable estate to such pitiful conditions"

Dollar Mr. Thurston—"

Hills wedlock? It is evidence the best paper, papers of our nature"

Dollar and latter"

Love long the sacred condition of matrimony to rest on a mere bargain for a horse or a dog"

Hey! and what else?"

My answer sounds at such punctuation, so I will take occasion with Miss Julia and say no more about it.

Equality is the foundation of wedded happiness, Mr. Thurston

Say what you will, Mr. Monson, and have no more words about it. Take away from the transaction the character of a bargain, and every thing is well"

Not a cent that is not received by a cent of your own

That, sir, I much my hands of the whole affair. If the young lady should die, my conscience will be clear. It shall never be said Thomas Thurston was so mean as to himself in a bargain for a wife

We must, then, part, and the negotiation must fall through

Tom was with dignity, and got as far as the door. With his hand on the latch he added

Mr. Monson, I am sorry that you have taken this view of the matter, for I had hoped to gain

An Italian goes out of his way, and waives his rights to show what a gentlemanly regard he has for you. An American will rather be rude than yield a fraction, to show you how much he thinks of *himself*. The result is, extreme kindliness of manner here is universal, but at home bluntness. Here, a man's whole demeanor says, "your servant, sir," in all deeds of politeness; at home the brusque air perpetually says, "I am as good a man as you are." I believe if we were not a very moral people, no police under heavens could prevent incessant quarrels. Transfer our manners into this hot-blooded region, and there would soon be an explosion. Kindliness of manner has more effect than we imagine to produce charitable feeling.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1843.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

R. J. WOODWARD AGAIN,

We have received a copy of a receipt for money paid for Graham's Magazine, given by this fellow, who has been advertised repeatedly by Philadelphia publishers, as not authorized to receive subscriptions. We repeat the caution, that he is NOT an agent *for any books issued in Philadelphia, to our knowledge*, and if people *will be* swindled by these strollers, they must not complain. The *best way* is to *send money by mail, with the Post Master's frank.*

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The foreign news in this days paper will be read with much interest, and the next intelligence from the old world will be looked forward to with great anxiety. Interference with a Repeal Meeting by Proclamation, and the ...

... they contain. The paper last week was upon Greece; to-day we have a very excellent sketch of Milan.

The history of Gov. Leisler, woven into a romance by MANCUR, and now in course of publication in the SATURDAY POST, is a very romantic and interesting passage in the annals of New York; so much so that we observe that Charles Fenno Hoffman has made "Leisler, the first Political Martyr of New York," the subject of a lecture which he has been requested to deliver before the Mercantile Library Association of our sister city.

OF PRIZE STORIES we have received a rich assortment, and shall be able to tell the reader something more definite next week.

STORMS.

We regret to perceive that many vessels have been lost or injured in the autumnal gales. Among them is the United States, of this port, lost on Gordian Key, near Abaco, on the 30th of September. The vessel is a total loss; the cargo was saved in part, but in a damaged state. The passengers and crew, though losing nearly all their effects, and suffering much, made their escape in the long boat. The master John Malony, seems to have done all that a careful and experienced man could. The ship Don Juan of New York was lost in the same gale, and near the same place.

Intelligence has just been received at New Bedford of the loss of the whaling ship Parker near Ocean Island, in the Pacific Ocean in September, 1842. The captain had been previously lost by the capsizing of a boat, and the first mate was in command. Four of the crew were lost in the attempt to get on shore, and one afterward died on the Island, before the others were taken off, which did not occur until six months afterward.

The schooner United States of Mount Desert, bound from New York with live stock for Bermuda, it is feared was lost in the same gale in which the ship United States was. Her crew consisted of a master and five or six men, and nothing has been heard from her.

The night before the ship United States was lost, she was in company with a brig, which, it is feared, was lost with all on board, as the spars and a boat of a square-rigged vessel were seen by the keeper of the Abaco Light.

A brig, supposed to be the Virginia of Boston, with sixty passengers on board, was seen to sink off the same islands. *All hands perished*, the catastrophe being in full view of the shore, but the spectators being unable to extend to them any assistance.

A schooner belonging to Abaco has likewise been lost, having eight men, eleven women and two children on board. All lost.

A sloop, with five men on board of her, has likewise been lost on Abaco. A black man ...

COL. JOHNSON.

On Friday evening of last week Col. R. M. Johnson, attended a large meeting of the Republicans at the Tabernacle, in New York, and delivered an address, according to the Sun, in a strain characterised for its sound sense and ... Leaving New York on Saturday, he arrived at Trenton, N. J., on Monday, ... escorted into the city with much pomp. ... were the Governor, and two ... Legislature, officers of the Navy and Army, and others. At the State House, Mr. ... Councellor from Hudson, addressed the Colonel in a spirit manner, and the old veteran ... his own peculiar style.

... in this city was expected to take place on Friday the 10th, and preparations ... to receive him in a becoming manner, by a large body of our citizens.

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

The young men of Mobile have a project on foot to raise by subscription the sum of $500 for the use of the Rev. Jefferson Hamilton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city. The governing motives in this enterprize are, as stated by the Daily Advertiser, that he has been the only regular, stationed Protestant clergyman, who remained in the city during the sickly season thus far, ministering incessantly to the sick, the dying and the dead; and that in the holy offices, and in acts of kindness to the suffering poor, it is understood that he has already expended his entire salary for the present year. There certainly can be no difficulty in raising so small a sum as that designated above—there should be another cypher added.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

On the route of the Western Railroad is a mountain stream which is, or was crossed by a stone arch, nearly seventy feet high. During the recent storms this impetuous stream ... to undermine the arch before it was ... The workmen were engaged in ... the foundation, when a shower ... which drove them away for shelter. ... were absent the immense structure ... and fell into the river below, carrying ... the railroad, and covering up the ... workmen, all of whom would inevitably have been killed, had not the rain caused ...

Local Intelligence.

GREAT SALE.

On the 21st inst., we see it stated, a large sale of real estate is to take place at the Exchange, in this city. It will include the elegant marble buildings, south side of Chesnut street, and on the east side of the United States Bank, known as "Bank Place," the upper portion of which is now occupied by the Philadelphia Bank—the two dwellings fronting on Library street—originally built for the President and Cashier of the Bank—"Lemon Hill Estate," situated on the banks of the Schuylkill, near the Fairmount Water Works—houses and lots on Chesnut, Walnut and other streets. It is hoped that the city will purchase Lemon Hill, for reasons which have already been stated in this paper.

NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.—The corner stone of a new public school house was laid in Camac st., New Penn District, on Tuesday. The Controllers, Directors, Teachers, and many scholars of the public schools were present. Professor Hart, principal of the High School, George M. Wharton and Thos. B. Florence, Esqs., addressed the assembly. In the cavity of the stone were deposited a great variety of matters which will be interesting a thousand years hence, if the world and the school house stand so long; not forgetting a copy of Graham's Magazine for November.

TEMPERANCE TEA PARTY.—The Young Men's Temperance Association of this city had a magnificent Tea Party at the Museum, on Monday night, in honor of the triumphs of Temperance. The meeting was addressed by Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., Rev. John Chambers, and Edgar M. Levy. Dr. Tyng as usual, very much interested his audience; and so did Rev. Mr. Chambers. Dr. Tyng made a very pleasant notice of Father Mathew.

TORCH LIGHT PROCESSION.—On Tuesday morning the New Market Fire Company of Baltimore, arrived at Walnut street Wharf, *en route* for New York. They were escorted by the Fairmount Fire Company of this city, through several of our principal streets, and then were accompanied to the wharf and departed on their journey.

EZRA HOLDEN, ESQ.

Our worthy contemporary has been lecturing at Holmesburgh and other flourishing towns during the last week or two, with his usual success and high acceptability to his audiences.

☞ The vacancy in the chair of Theory and Practice of Physic, in the Medical College of the University of Maryland, occasioned by the resignation of Dr. R. S. Stewart, has been filled for the present session by the appointment of Professor Roby.

☞ Dr. R. S. Steuart has resigned the chair of Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the University of Maryland.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the steamer Caledonia at Boston, we have foreign dates sixteen days later. The principal item of news relates to Ireland, and is no less than the arrest of Daniel O'Connell. Full particulars of this step, and the circumstances attending it will be found below.

Large operations in cotton had taken place, at an advance of one quarter per cent. on previous advices, but the news brought by the Caledonia, caused a depression of one-eighth per cent. This was on account of a supposed abundant crop of cotton in this country; or rather, on account of the uncertainty in which the accounts received leave the English brokers.

A great deal of interest was felt in the pending city of London election for a member of Parliament. The candidates are Mr Thomas Baring, who is related to Lord Ashburton, and Mr. Pattison. The former is a monopolist, the latter a free trader. The Anti-Corn Law League have thrown themselves heart and soul into this contest, and they are sanguine of carrying their man. Mr Webster's Rochester speech is published in extenso, and has created quite a *furor* of pleasure among the free trade men. His allusion to the shipment of American provisions coincides precisely with the wishes of the free trade party; and what he said against repudiation of course delights every body.

The Chinese treaty has been fully ratified by the Emperor. By it the whole system of fees and presents is abolished. The hong merchants' debts have been paid up. The trade is open to all nations as well as to the English, but it is not yet known whether any but the English are to have consuls at the four ports ...

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Subscribers are requested to *Send* their letters addressed to us. The word "*from*" at itself is not a fault.

Agents will please endeavor that our letters are not lost or mislaid.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscriptions.

Agents are especially solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and state post office.

Remittals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will call at our office for the Saturday Post, under the several dates mentioned.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Colonel Stone's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky.

Mr. Moses Hazlet, Jas. B. Smith & H. Constant, Jr. are our Agents for New Jersey.

SAMUEL H. STUDLEY, is our Agent for Virginia.

Newsroom and John F. Johnston, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

PEARCE & JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James & Higgins, William H. Wild, G. D. Wild, & Newsroom at Natchez Post.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES FRENCH, Jr. is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

IAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Tennessee and Kentucky.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn. is duly authorized to receive new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Postage stamps may also be had in his room at Nashville.*

Notices of New Works.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH. *By Henry Edmund Manning, M. A. Archdeacon of Chichester. New York Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 300.*

This is another of the beautifully printed volumes now issuing from the press of Appleton, which the Anglicans publish as the "Churchman's Library." It is an elaborate work, evidencing great industry on the part of the writer, and most fleeting knowledge of the patristic authorities, and Church history and polity. In tone and sentiment the writer belongs to the class of divines who have styled themselves High Church. This book is one which every student of Divinity in the Anglican Church, and every church man who desires to examine the subject of Church Unity and visional process. We make no exceptions; for we are not among those who believe that truth is to be found only by our stated reading.

ANDERSEN THE GREAT. *His Court and Times. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—These two volumes commencing with the year 1506, comprise the life and times of Frederick, the great grandfather of the present Emperor. Frederick, by a combination of circumstances, was enabled to wrought the subject down to the date above mentioned. The first volume gives an account of the early life of the various extract, of one of the most remarkable men who has ever lived. The portion which he took during the reign of the prince which he gave his name to the period, and the reign above which both monarch and kingdom take in the history of their country, under the various circumstances which the personal character of Frederick would have made his biography interesting, even if he had not been a prince possessed. We recommend the work to every lover of history.

OUTLINES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. *By Leonard Gale. Illustrated with several Journal of Engineering, Natural Science & Medicine. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—We take it Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of New York, a practical chemist, and American inventions and Natural Philosophy. In this volume embraces the general principles of Mechanics, Mechanical Philosophy, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Optics, Electricity, Galvanism, Magnetism, and Astronomy. It will be found to be one of the best of the numerous works on the subject for Teachers and Students in schools and seminaries, but for private students, and as excellent work for reference and as a book of supplementary information.

BOSTON. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—This is a beautiful work, filled with information of the most interesting character, and in just sense. The writer, Rufus W. Griswold, has made the selection in such a manner as to cause it to display the various phases of the subject, and the great variety of themes which have suggested themselves. It is an appropriate gift for the Anniversary celebration of Washington's Birthday, and if we are favored with a copy, we shall refer to it more fully.

ITALIAN WOMEN'S MODELS. *Parker & Co.* have received the third No. of the Brother Jonathan series of Novels. It contains a number of tales, from the pens of Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Osgood, Epes Sargent, and Frances Anne Kemble, all of which are well worthy of the reader's most careful attention to the possession and characteristics of the Empress Josephine, both for their intrinsic value and as their leading productions to great advantage.

AMERICAN NOTES—Harkaway. No. 36 Chestnut st. Philadelphia.—We have not had the pleasure of reading the book which he has published, as a cheap and well sized and attractive volume, but we have no doubt that it is one of the most interesting of the numerous works on the subject of American affairs, and will be found to contain much information, strong in interest, and free from all objectionable features. As the same place were he purchased the above.

CHARLES DICKENS. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—We have received the first No. of the Appleton Library, *No. 3. Appleton.*—This is a very valuable work, containing of the relations of the writer of it between the Emperor Napoleon and the Duke of Reichstadt, and the part intervening to the general conduct of all the members of the family of him who have made Napoleon a name and an epoch in the world.

THE CONVERSATIONS OF AN AMERICAN. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—We have received the first No. of this work, and from the perusal of it we are highly pleased with it, and regret that our knowledge of its character is not greater. We shall therefore defer our notice of it for the present, and will only say that it is the first thing we have seen from the writer, and that we have confidence in his ability.

AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLD MINES. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—We have received the first No. of this work, which is from the pen of Mr. Lieut. Emmons, who has been for some time engaged in the service of the United States, and who has been employed in the construction of the new locks, and making the enlargement. During the past winter some four thousand more employed, and as soon as navigation evinces, it is expected that six thousand men will find occupation.

Notices of the Dead.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Hosmer, a Methodist Minister, stationed near Orangeburg, Schuylkill county, was accidentally killed on the 12th ult. in Jackson township, Northumberland county. When descending a steep hill, the tongue of the vehicle in which he was, suddenly broke, causing it to run against the hind legs of the horses. Mr. H. acting as driver, received several kicks from the animals, breaking both his legs, and receiving such other serious injuries that he died in a few days after the accident. He was, at the time, in company with three other Methodist ministers, on his way to the State Conference.

☞ Col. Thomas Kouns, formerly of North Carolina, and for several years a member of Congress from that State, died at his residence, at Salem, Alabama, on the 23d ult. aged seventy-three.

☞ Gen. Carlos and Count Montemolin should be remembered that a rough is always an exclusive that some suppose to be judged by the long, and which, if not speedily removed, will so obstruct those delicate organs as sooner or later to produce inflammation of the lungs; a cure of disease are all known in the high road to consumption.

☞ Dr. Sherman's Cough Lozenges are a simple, delightful medicine for curing of a cold—a remedy that never disappoints the expectations of the most confiding patient. They are pleasant to the taste, safe to take at any time, and certain to cure. Sold at 25 cents per box, by Dr. Sherman, 108 Canal st. New York, and 100 Chestnut st., Boston, and No. 216 Race st., Philadelphia.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

100 shares Phi. Wil. & Bal. R. R.		19¾@19⅝
50 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	21@21
45 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	21
25 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	21
25 do.	Mar. & Ins. Bank,	21
14 do.	United Bank,	21
$1000	Penn. Bonds, 6's, 1868,	90
$5000	Penn. Bonds, 6's, 1868,	90
$1000	Little Schuyl. Loan,	94
$1000	Penn. 6's,	90
$2000	State 6's,	90@90

The foreign news by the Britannia is, as was expected, very favorable, and causes a great improvement in the money market, and a corresponding depression in the value of breadstuffs. Cotton is also lower, and the sales of the week are 45,000 after the second day of the week, of which Florida Patterson received 2917 W. M. Aldrich, 1842. The cancellations elected were the "Law and Order" party.

MORE RUMOR.—There is a rumor mentioned in the Baltimore Patriot that there was a difficulty on the Railroad at Washington on Monday, which resulted in a breach among all the members except Mr. Tyler and Mr. Upshur.

Army & Navy.

☞ The U. S. receiving ship Ohio, which has been lying off Long wharf, Boston, during the past summer, has been taken hence, and off the Navy Yard. The most active preparations, says the Boston Journal, are now going on at the Yard, in fitting out the various men-of-war for service.

☞ There were six vessels of war in the port of Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) on the 4th of August last, viz: the English frigate Constellation and Cyane, and H. B. M. ships Dublin, Carysfort and Hazard.

☞ The new U. S. steamer which was built at the Kensington Navy Yard, has been taken to Boston, and will be ready for launching about the middle of this month.

Miscellaneous News.

PATRIOTIC ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday evening as a Miss Thompson, of New York, was walking upon the railroad track at Jersey City, the locomotive attached to the Express Train of cars from Philadelphia, was overtaken by her, both trader and locomotive passed over her, crushing frightfully one of her legs. She was immediately conveyed to the Patterson Hotel, where amputation was performed by Drs. Pierce and Zabriski.

☞ The splendid bungar Latrobe, under the command of Capt. Charles E. Allen, sailed on Monday morning from Baltimore, with between seventy and eighty emigrants destined for the Maryland colony on the coast of Africa, under the patronage of the Maryland Colonization Society. They were all manumitted slaves and a large proportion of them were females and children.

☞ Mr. Cushing our Minister to China arrived at Alexandria in the steamer Oriental, on the 23d ult. September 1st. He had an audience with the Viceroy, and left the same day for Suez, whence he was to proceed to Bombay in the steamer Hindostan, and thence to China, the American squadron ready to receive him and to convey him to China.

☞ On Monday night of last week, in Augusta county, Virginia, Mr. Samuel Kinney, a young man named John Vandling, was drawn in such a dreadful manner with cribs, by two of Kinney's horses, that he died soon after. The villains have been arrested, and lodged in the jail at Staunton.

☞ The Marshal of the United States, for the District of Missouri offers a reward of $150 for the apprehension and confinement in such jail of the United States as he may direct, of Thomas Pattison, late Postmaster at Carrollton, in that State, who was indicted here for robbing the mail.

CONFESSION OF DEATH.—Antoine Geisler, who was recently convicted of the murder of Mr. Hoffman, in Huntingdon county, has made a full confession of his guilt. He says also that he murdered a man in Europe previous to his coming here.

☞ The Bangor Whig says that potatoes are selling in the market for shipment at twenty-five cents a bushel. The cheapest lands in the State are said to be those of Messrs. Wm. Bluemore, &c., are a few cents higher.

☞ The Western papers announce that the grand annual onslaught upon the canards will soon be about to commence. The papers of New York will vary from $2 to $3, and possibly $5 for choice lots.

☞ A fall is before the Catawba Patriot, portending the use of large powers steam by boats navigating the waters of the Province, if they are used in the carrying of passengers.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The Western Ohio Farmer says that a pail full of lye, with a piece of soap in it, fell from a high on a hen's egg boiled in it, and produced a new Nankin color, and will not wash off.

☞ The quantity of flour arrived at Oswego from the 1st of May to the 1st of September, the commencement of navigation this season, up to the 21st ult. was 1,531,213 barrels and of Wheat 634,719 bushels.

☞ A deficiency of $11,000 of assets to meet liabilities in the Rhode Island Agricultural Bank, is reported to the Committee of the Legislature appointed to investigate its affairs.

☞ Two hundred and seventy-six new frame and 236 new brick houses have been built in Cincinnati during the past year, and 500 more are now in course of erection.

☞ There were seventy-four burglaries committed in the city of New York from the 1st of May to the 31st of October.

☞ The Houston States says that the Cotton crop in Texas is unusually fine, and will be abundant.

☞ They had quite a snow storm in Baltimore on Friday week, the 4th instant.

Political Intelligence.

NEW YORK ELECTION

The first accounts from the city of New York exhibited that the Whigs had carried their ticket in the city, at least subsequent accounts show a different story.

In the city and county of New York, the Whigs have elected their Sheriff and one Assembly-man. The Democrats have elected all the rest.

The State is undoubtedly carried by the Democrats, by a majority a little less than that of last year.

The Senate, so far as known by returns and estimates will stand: 26 Democrats, 6 Whigs. To the above add the 7 holden over, 82 Democrats elected next autumn and 19 Whigs.

In Albany, the Whigs are said to have five hundred majority.

In Kings County, the Democrats are said to have elected all except their County clerk.

☞ The votes cast for Congress at the late election in Rhode Island, have been canvassed and declared to be as follows: In the Eastern district, the whole number of votes cast was 8417, of which Elisha Potter received 4152, John H. Weeden, 2371, scattering votes 18. In the Western district the whole number of votes cast was 4249, of which Elisha Potter received 2917 W. M Aldrich, 1842. The candidates elected were the "Law and Order" party.

MORE RUMOR.—There is a rumor mentioned in the Baltimore Patriot that there was a difficulty on the Railroad at Washington on Monday, which resulted in a breach among all the members except Mr. Tyler and Mr. Upshur.

General News.

THE END OF A QUARREL.—An altercation occurred at Erie, near Elmira, N. Y., on Sunday, the 24th ult. between Edward Nevin and Jas. Sullivan, which resulted in the death of both of the former, and the self destruction of the latter. Nevin was a tenant at Goldsmith, and had ordered the latter to leave. Goldsmith became dissatisfied with the management, which led to an attaining course of litigation. On Sunday the parties met and got into an angry dispute about a war then pending, and Goldsmith stabbed Nevin with a butcher knife, when Nevin succeeded in retreat, and was again stabbed by Goldsmith; both bleeds were deadly. Goldsmith then withdrew to his farm, and opened the veins of his left arm and died immediately. Nevin lived about 36 hours.

RICH.—The Providence Chronicle gives the following outline of the pecuniary effects of a singular occurrence which occurred in that city, last week. A few little girl of five years of age was playing with a pin, which she swallowed, and was supposed to be dead. The mother, in her distress, covered with bruises, and its clothes sticking to the wounds by the blood. One article was a piece of flannel, which was cut off, and the rest of the girl was that the child came to its death by blows inflicted by some persons in the house, or unknown. The case excited much wonderful disbelief, has been arrested on a charge of vagrancy, and committed to the jail for 30 days.

A DIVORCE.—Mary Ann Randolph, divorced by the Legislature of New Jersey from her husband, in her petition set forth that Randolph was a Baptist preacher, that they lived together in peace and harmony, having several children, up to 1841, when Randolph went into a drunken frenzy, and for the most part, a child's letter, stating that it was not his intention to return, as he had been estranged by a woman Ann Wagoner and that rather than submit to an exposure, he had determined to leave his family and his home forever. This was entirely true.

THE LATEST PATTERSON.—On the 21st ult. September, one hundred and twenty-five of the Texan prisoners arrived at the Castle of Perote from the interior of the Capital. There were fifty-nine Texas (including a few Mexicans) prisoners in the Castle at the time of the arrival of the hundred and twenty-five, thus making the total of Texan prisoners now at Perote one hundred and ninety-seven. Previous to May prisoners were left behind in the Hospitals. There is little hope that any of the prisoners will be released soon.

MELANCHOLY DEATH.—Miss Isabel S. Keats, a young lady highly esteemed and respected in Rockford, died herself with a gun in Town Creek, Ala., on the 29th ult. All kinds of rumors are afloat, but the Louisville Journal will suggest and deeply deplore her early death. She was a niece of John Keats, the young English poet, who was the friend and the poet of Coleridge and Shelley, and on her bedside she was remarkably like him. She was a poet of genius, and her heart was the home of all the high and pure and beautiful affections.

EXPLOSION OF A STEAM BOAT.—The Pilot says: According to a letter from Rome, the Penn Alfred was exploded there on the morning of the 4th of October, and the Deputy Government was in so much dread of public exasperation on the occasion, that the executioners did not take place, even on the fatal day of Lucius at Angelo. About the whole garrison was under arms. The Pope had left on the 2d on the Villa of Castel Gandolfo, where he was to remain eight or ten days.

CHOLERA IN THE WEST.—A census of Milwaukie city, just taken, shows the number of inhabitants to be 9,000; being an increase of more than one hundred per cent. in three years. Racine, now containing 1100 inhabitants, had but 1828 only two hundred in the place. The Milwaukie Courier states, that crowds of emigrants that overflow the public houses and fill up the streets, so that at the present time, would appear incredible to any but an eye witness.

☞ A sub-marine plough for removing sandbanks, has been constructed by Dr. Eddy of Cincinnati somewhat on the principle of the Archimedean Screw, laying up the sand at one end, and passing it through the screw to be discharged at the other extremity.

☞ Fifteen convicts escaped from the Missouri Penitentiary, a few days ago.

☞ The Weekland Canal, Canada, has now about one thousand men employed in the construction of the new locks, and making the enlargement. During the past winter some four thousand more employed, and as soon as navigation evinces, it is expected that six thousand men will find occupation.

Notices of the Dead.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Hosmer, a Methodist Minister, stationed near Orangeburg, Schuylkill county, was accidentally killed on the 12th ult. in Jackson township, Northumberland county. When descending a steep hill, the tongue of the vehicle in which he was, suddenly broke, causing it to run against the hind legs of the horses. Mr. H. acting as driver, received several kicks from the animals, breaking both his legs, and receiving such other serious injuries that he died in a few days after the accident. He was, at the time, in company with three other Methodist ministers, on his way to the State Conference.

☞ Col. Thomas Kouns, formerly of North Carolina, and for several years a member of Congress from that State, died at his residence, at Salem, Alabama, on the 23d ult. aged seventy-three.

☞ Gen. Carlos and Count Montemolin should be remembered that a rough is always an exclusive that some suppose to be judged by the long, and which, if not speedily removed, will so obstruct those delicate organs as sooner or later to produce inflammation of the lungs; a cure of disease are all known in the high road to consumption.

☞ Dr. Sherman's Cough Lozenges are a simple, delightful medicine for curing of a cold—a remedy that never disappoints the expectations of the most confiding patient. They are pleasant to the taste, safe to take at any time, and certain to cure. Sold at 25 cents per box, by Dr. Sherman, 108 Canal st. New York, and 100 Chestnut st., Boston, and No. 216 Race st., Philadelphia.

ORIGINAL Sketch from Abroad

MILAN.

It is believed that the Italians, though in many respects wretched, are still a happy people, compared with their northern neighbors. They have enjoyed their fame, they have had their great masters in Dante and Ariosto and Tasso and Petrarch, and they are proud of the recollection of their former renown. But they are not a quiet, unobtrusive, and lowly evil people, living comparatively contented under the yoke of their foreign and domestic tyrants. The Theatrical Italy is still apparent on Lombardy and Venice (the Austrian Dominions) because there the people are subjected to the most despotic sway, and the military government is well adapted to the people, and Tuscany has enjoyed a paternal government, such as is admirably suited to a people living in a state of peace, and having reached a high degree of moral and intellectual cultivation, but the people of Italy in each

Gems from the Poets.

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

BY JOHN WILSON.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That oft youth's heartfelt revelry
And motion elongated as the wing
Of swallow endowed by the spring;
With serene blade as voice of May,
Charming glad Nature's rereadship;
Cloth'd by the planet Delight
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,—
The image such, in bower, grove, field,
When dew, just entering on the prime,
And summer's noise is then completed
Gently with childhood's simplest mood,
Yet taught'st my sighing and by sound
To sit hope unrobed the heaven of love!

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace;
Though happy still—yet chaster dictates
Hath left a pensive loveliness.
Fancy hath tuned her fairy glooms,
And the heart broods o'er home-born dreams:
Thy smiles, now kindling now and mild
Discover blessings on a darling child;
Thy matron shine, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy board it infant's head!
And when thou speak'st, thy soothing tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweetest, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By the glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at heavy time!
For thou art fixed it age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from we,
The holy pride of high retire
The glory of a life well spent
When reason's affections sorely wore
With Power betrod, and Faith betrayed,
Thou render'st up again to God,
I marvel if he is frail doubt,
Thy bosom seal,—then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister seraphim
Asleep will lay thee, till those eye
Open in immortality!

Domestic Sketch.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

A Leaf from Life.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Two bachelors, returned from an evening party, were discussing what they had heard and seen. Here, let me tell the ladies, by way of parenthesis, that bachelors are quite as apt to deal in scandal, and to expose opinions of character as maids are. Men are as censorious, so far as their leisure permits, as women. They may not be quite so bitter, but they are full as mischievous, because being more unguarded, they pull character to pieces in more public places. But a truce to diabetics.

"Splendid!" Ned rejoined to some remark his comforter had made.

"And always so amiable," William rejoined. "Nothing seems to discompose or to offend her. The paragon of taste and modesty herself, she does not appear to observe that every one else is not so. And so kind to her husband too! Really, Staples has a jewel of a wife!"

Ned assented with a nod, as he sipped his "cold without." William lighted a fresh segar and began again.

"Why, I should have more than half a mind to be married myself, if it wasn't for poor Jack Rivers."

"Poor *Jack*, indeed!"

"Why ever a man so taken in?" 'Mr. Rivers, I should like to go home,' said the wife, and Jack ran off our conversation and fudged directly—pretending to like getious, government all the while. He endures it so meekly."

"And there's nothing attractive about her neither. You might not have known she was alive, had you not stumbled against her. I warrant she makes herself heard at home.

"Aye that she does, I dare swear. Probably Jack is catching a lecture now. Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" sighed Ned again. "It's a pity he threw himself away in matrimony."

"And yet," responded William, "I would almost run the risk of getting such a wife myself. Rivers has, for the chance of marrying such a wife as Staples married!"

Ned assented, and they went to bed to dream upon it.

* * *

Mrs. Staples was a brilliant woman. She had exited more admiration that night than that of the two gaddy bachelors. She had got a new lover of unmarried women in admiration of matrimony—for rather had given an awakener to their wishes, for women are not slow to feel such an intuitive admiration for the ordinance. Is that a libel or not? She had also almost persuaded many unmarried men to become Benedicts. Such a patient woman!

Mary Rivers, on the contrary, had excited no general remark. Two or three had conversed with her, for she did not, like the other, talk to a looseleaf at once, thought her a very good sort of a woman—nothing remarkable and rather repulsive. They rather wondered, like our two friends, at her husband's choice. We will invoke Asmodeus and follow both couples.

Mrs. Staples leaned and smiled to the door, and left a lasting image of a lighter beauty on every lady's memory, while they almost shunned these talismanics. The husband handed her to the coach in silence, but when she closed the carriage rolled away, and not a word was said, during the short ride home. He tendered his arm as she stepped from the coach—she used him to dismount and took no further notice of him, but mounted the steep with a rather angular bound of rage. Reaching the parlor, she threw herself upon a sofa, looking at her—ah! study grace by moonlight! She had rung down the servant before her husband had ascended the steps.

He walked into the drawing room with any thing but the air of one who expected to be welcomed—and sat down without saying a word. He did not dare to speak—for he did not know how much presumption might be received. She had no such doubts of her hesitation, but kept silence till her husband had reached the happiness of oblivion. Then she threw a stone into the waters of his temporary Lethe which made the bitter dregs rise again.

"Now, Mr. Staples! I hope you are satisfied! You have dragged me out—worn me to death and came home to sit and mope. Now you are happy?"

"I wish I was!"

Unlucky day! To venture repartee like this! "I so wish you were! You look so well! That is a rational compliment if we be. Indeed! What is so as like you."

"Anne—my dear!"

Anna pouted till the rouge cracked.

"You know that I missed a business appointment this evening, at your request in that speech, and now to thank me on this way is a little too—"

Staples said no more. The angelic, the brilliant, the accomplished, the amiable Mrs. Staples rose suddenly, and walked so menacingly toward him, that he quailed. But she only looked at his face an instant, as if the will of the tarantula was in her heart, if the power of one was not in her eyes, and walked out of the room with a cross chamberwand's swing—leaving him to follow when he might.

He dropped asleep in his chair—waked at daylight—and crept to his comfortless pillow. He breakfasted alone, and was told at dinner by his amiable lady that she had made another appointment for him. She was pleasant at table—called their lord a good dear. That guest went away to swear she was so angel; and Mr. Staples and his amiable wife spent this evening and night as they did the last.

* * *

Jack Rivers and his wife walked home. He kept no coach, though better able than the other—and on this, as on other points, his wife and he were unanimous in opinion. She took his arm with the easy confidence of true affection, and the still moonlight made them wish the walk even longer. They had been married five years, and her honey-moon was not over. She was grateful for his attention, and did not need to speak to tell him so. There is a tacit mode of expressing pleasure, more eloquently than by words. Nobody cried "a brilliant woman!" as she left the room—somebody envied Jack Rivers. He was even with them all—for he envied nobody. He had no need.

The married pair was not more cheerful than were their faces at the breakfast table. One child reflected in its countenance the happiness as well as the fearfulness of both parents—and as Rivers walked down the street to go to his business, the silent prayers of a devoted wife guarded his footsteps.

* * *

"Devilish hard times, Ned!"

"Ned wanted the whole of it" (alas to schools (they were at dinner) before he gave his very thoughtful monosyllable answer. Hard times they were indeed, and the young men sighed at why. They looked at the pensively garniture of the table d'hote—they heard the Bacchine artillery around them, they saw the fragments of champagne flagons whose signature would not be accepted for the jewels they were —they arranged plans for fast living on no fortune, and talked of killing horses as killing flies—they discussed the relative merits of different billiard rooms—and could trace no connexion between these signs and the times.

"Who is Brown to-day?" inquired William, as he ordered champagne.

"Staples for one."

"The deuce he is! Well, I pity his wife. But she is a brilliant woman and can bear up under it."

"Rivers for another."

"Poor fellow! I pity him. Won't that piece of cold clay of his give him a dance! How, ere, do will bear it well enough for herself, if she has only brains enough to comprehend the change, which I doubt. Rivers' case will be a hard one at home, *mon ennuyé*."

* * *

Let us go back a few hours. Mrs. Staples in in a fashionable store. The leading clerks do not, as has been their wont, desert the other customers to kerry to her three deep. Our clerk, the youngest, and most unsophisticated very attentive to the brilliant woman. Vexed and annoyed, she calls to the others, each in his turn, and gets a civil, but cold reply. It is all just her comprehension, but she has a bill of goods—requests that they shall be sent home immediately, and leaves the store. She boy is proud to have and a bill of five hundred dollars—but is astonished when ordered to let them lie till further direction. But the instructions are clear, and he leaves.

Staples had peculiar notions of "spending thousands!" His goods were indeed spent—but where were his returns!

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Mrs. Rivers met her husband at the door. "Is it as you feared, John?"

"Yes, my dear wife."

"Rest up—be cheerful—for we have a game."

He did beat up. The wife played her part before her country cousin, for such he was, and he went away without the suspicion that all was not well with the Rivers family. Had it been necessary they would not have scrupled to have conversed before him upon the subject of their failure, and they carried on a conversation on ordinary topics—till they almost forgot, themselves, that Rivers was a bankrupt.

That night the wife looked at a brief general schedule of her husband's liabilities and assets. There was no mystery to her in figures: and there was no terror in poverty. She anticipated her husband in propositions for economy, and he found in her a ready counsellor. She discussed her that matters were not so bad as they seemed. That night, "poor Jack Rivers"—the subject of so much commiseration—had retired early anticipate the change. He is so accustomed to command, and to feel that the responsibility is upon him, that he could not, in counsel only, and fellows no advice but his own; and then the treacherous winds and waves admonished him to have a guide in every thing, and to keep every thing in place—a practice that is both time and money with the wise.

I have known a number of instances where men, who, until some forty-five or fifty years of age, plunged the deep in their earnings and bought small farms, and they almost always made both ends meet. They generally lacked the wife to make the most of them, and are among those that may be seen on a used little boat in summer, gliding over the waters on their brothers' account, or fish, and then returning to their little homes, for one of their morals is never to purchase much land.

These farmers too, I know not why, are apt to be distant in their manners: they do not like society, especially fashionable society. They are not unsocial, but maintain towards them a sort of shy-bound distance: but when they are approached on business, they are generally courteous and polite.

One of these captains, who, on the merchant service had accumulated a few thousands, was pretty, bought an estate some two miles from the sea shore, in the centre of which was a hill that commanded a fine prospect both of ocean and water. This hill was the only cleared land upon the place, and although there was a very suitable house up on the hill, the house he denied upon not sale, our captain farmer resolved to build one upon the slope of the hill with only two rooms and a kitchen, with a piazza or balcony, or look-out place, for his summer afternoon lounge and long must-loved telescope. The building of this house began the wonder of the workmen of the neighborhood were employed, you may be sure, for the captain was not slow to split up for before my one house he resolved to build one.

In the next place he excluded a number of idle persons, envious to know what he was about, by ordering them off his premises. His wife was a German woman, who had not yet learned enough of the language to converse, these were put into the house at the road side, but formed a sort of advance guard to the mansion and owner, further onward. As he attended public worship regularly, riding a switch-tailed horse to and fro, he was sometimes obliged to make a business both ingacious and unhappy at home, they have at least escaped brilliant misfortune, leaving to dull poverty. They continue to admire brilliance, but have learned also to distrust it. As there are plenty of this kind in every town, we may say that it is a safe rule to consider that lady not very desirable for a partner, who attracts dangers of this kind. Let her two books on have now as the representatives of a large class.

LOVE.

BY CARLOS C. STUART

Not alone in beauty of materials
In the forms of love divinely—
Longest charting,
Farther touching,
Time or, indeed, in wear,
Yet, have others spo' if the portion,
Other forms the veil have seen—
Have considered the revelation,
And, with their captivating, horse
Warmer in the glimmer Spirit,
Which in many shapes indeed,
Though with generous mind and sense
Filling all the world around us
With strange image, the bread is,
Forcing by the rule at stream,
With the magic of their gleam

For then yonder vine that upringeth
Close beside the mossy rock,
How it ever fondly clingeth,
Flower in the tempest shock;
Anne of little leaves out-drowning,
In the morning sunglance growing
Stronger, fonder every day,
While the rock, with tempests gray
Folds it closer to its bosom
Fonder ever upon rock blossom.

The Humorist.

☞ One gloomy day, in the month of December, a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, day, on no unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a good many days to run—"that's true," replied the Irishman. "but then my honey, you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

☞ "You weren't smoke here, sir," said the captain of a North River steamboat to a man who was smoking among the bales on the quarter deck. "I know it, master," was the reply. "I replied he, opening his capacious mouth, and allowing the smoke lazily to escape. "Didn't you see the sign?—all gentlemanly are requested not to smoke aloft the engine." "Bless your soul, that don't mean me—I'm no gentleman."

☞ A gentleman more remarkable for the excellence of his appetite than the brilliancy of his genius, remarked to his lady at the breakfast table, as he rubbed his forehead with certain betwixt these signs and the times.

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The farm began to wear a fine appearance, as he was not idle and had with his workmen, and if some of the neighbors ventured in ask him by way of an introduction, what he intended to plant in the field he hoped to reap there, he would answer in a manner that discouraged further inquiry, and turn the other way. All thought that he would be ruined in time, which others said he had been crossed in love, which was doubtless founded upon the circumstance that he was a bachelor. He would be ruined alone in good time—his crops swell adapted in his land, and many said that he must have been a farmer in early life—he certainly grew to day to day. "What sort of a man is he?" would inquire your certain aged young ladies, who had expected that the Parson certainly would be able to tell all about him. "What can he be doing there with that glass," said others, as they saw it glisten as he leaned it on the fence to survey. "He is the proudest creature in the world," others would remark, "he thinks himself too good to speak to one."

What was their astonishment the following calm morning when at dawn the six pounder was heard for six miles around! Every one listened; those in store came out—but one fire was all, and in the setting of the sun, hung it went, and the smoke rose in a little cloud above the house at the top of the hill. Day after day, and week after week this was repeated; and the hands were seen to turn out to their labor when the gun was heard, and at noon when they left the field and went home upon the same signal.

Some boys that were sent to see what they could, reported that when creeping through the bushes to quite near the house, reported that at sunset the captain rung a bell, upon which a number of men came upon the piazza, took off and touched off the gun. He then reloaded it, threw a painted cover on, and retired. Curiously, like a plant, he continued all his growth, maturity and decline, and in this case after about three months of fruitless endeavors, it began to wear away, and upon the setting of the sun when the evening remark of, "three guns the captain who lives on the hill and fires the big gun."

The next spring when the ice broke below he spoken it, and when nobody appeared to notice or care for what he was about, he began to show a disposition to give the occasion.

By degrees, Captain Toplif was found not to be quite like other people. He bade the neighbors good morning, he counted all the products of farming operations, and if any one asked his advice he gave it without hesitation, and what appeared strange to many, if any one upon farming were so fraught with wisdom that many who had cultivated the soil all their lives applied to his advice, wondered where he could have got his knowledge.

In the third year of his residence, his farm was admitted to be the most productive and best in the whole town, of equal dimensions, and on the meeting of the agricultural society, which he joined, he was (any member presented with a premium) asked how it could possibly happen that a man who had until so recently, at his life's end, turned his hand to so excellent a practical farmer. His answer was that before going to sea on his last voyage, he had written to his wife to sell the farm on the land, he purchased what he considered the cheapest article of the book kind, the whole period—and on his return found that no answer had been received. This he read upon the voyage, and bringing his judgment to the selection of what was valuable, he found the whole of it the moment he took possession of his farm.

But for this unfortunate delay, he said that his effort would have been a failure, or nearly so! And perhaps no money that is expended upon books is so enormous interest as that for periodicals on farming.

Capt. Toplif was soon acquainted with all the neighborhood, and with Squire Mowry—whose three youngest daughters had all married in the neighborhood. Nabby, the eldest, and like many others not quite the most capable of the family, was left, but Capt. Toplif, who had seen much of the world, and knew how to judge of character, decided for Nabby, and was not so faint hearted as to keep it to himself. Nabby, who in early days had learned the rougher of "There lives no goose so grey," &c., soon took up her residence at the house upon the hill. She was not partial to being waked up at the dawn, and so the Captain upon her merely hinting the matter, told the cook to discontinue it, and from that time to look for breakfast at eight. Year after year passed away; the farm and the wife engrossed the whole of the Captain's attention, and he was blessed to see, that he began to be happy when he bought a farm and improved it, but was only perfectly so from the hour that Nabby Mowry became Mrs. Toplif.

CHINESE DANDY.

The following description of a Chinese Exquisite, is from a new work on China, by P. Dobel, formerly Russian Consul to China, and a resident in that country for seven years.

"His dress is composed of crapes and silks of great price, his feet is covered with high-heeled boots of the most beautiful Nankin satin, and his legs are encased in gaiters, richly embroidered, and reaching to the knee. His shirt is generally of the finest crape of the latest taste, an elegant pipe, richly ornamented, in which burns the purest tobacco of the Fo-kien, is in his mouth, and his fingers are supported by a button by a string of pearls, a Nankin fan, exhaling the perfume of the tuberose, (a Chinese favorite plant) is waved to and fro, by one of a fashionable Chinese. The Chinese Dandy, like dandies of all times and all countries, is he reason why so many of the fair sex belong to the Quail Club or the Cricket Club. Like the ancient Romans, the Chinese train up in readiness when old enough, fighters, whose combats form the subject of sensations wagers. In imitation of the rich, the poor Chinese keeps at the farthest end to see. Even on his own field crickets. These insects they excite and provoke until they grow angry, attack each other, and the warrior field of battle is soon covered with their claws, antennæ and bodies. Then the owners of the victorious and the old Romans all the difference that there is between the combats of the cricketts and the terrible combats of the gladiators."

Legendary.

THE FISH AND THE RING.

There is a curious tale of by-gone days over the door of a public house in Hadlem street, between Hanoverley street, New York, and Greenwich, which is the less gone for because [illegible] in the sign of a fish, with a ring in its mouth. Tradition says, that in the year 1745, a young merchant of Hadlem street, named Hunter became acquainted with a young lady of a beautiful village maiden, on the western coast of England. It is the old story of wooing in business, they are generally courteous and polite. and love, and he deceived her. At their parting they exchanged rings of betrothal. Time passed away, and the merchant returned to England, but was detained there some months longer than he had at first intended, before he could get his affairs in order to return to America. Some time after, he learned from the gossip of the place, that the lady of his love had married another man, and was now living in the village. Their love is quickly over, and the lady, who had been deceived by the merchant, was married to the man who had been her former lover. Hunter